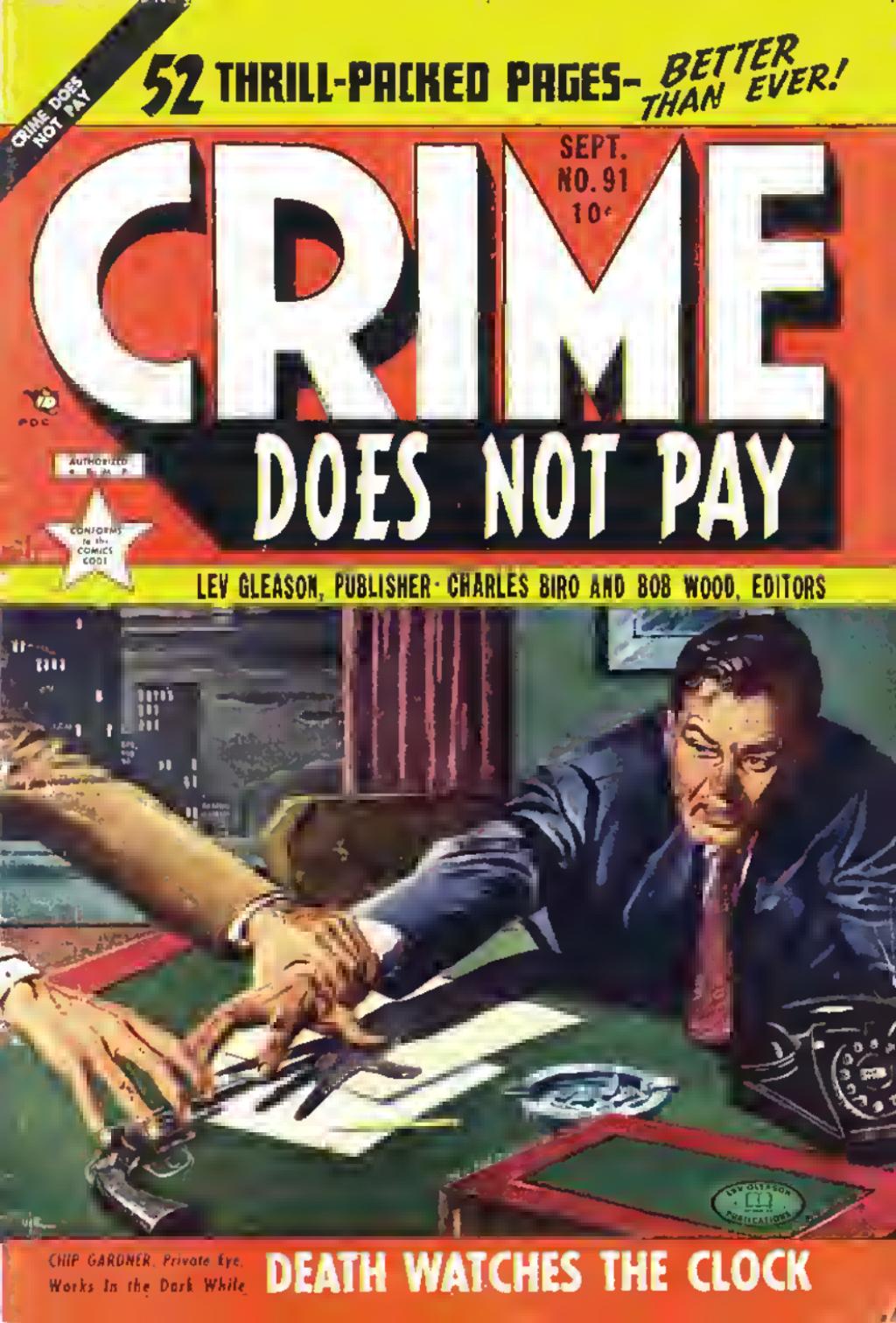


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CHIP GARDNER, Private Eye.
Works In the Dark While

DEATH WATCHES THE CLOCK

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

CHIP GARDNER PRIVATE EYE

WORKS IN THE DARK WHILE

DEATH WATCHES THE CLOCK

in the case of the KING-SIZED MIRACLE



CHIP GARDNER

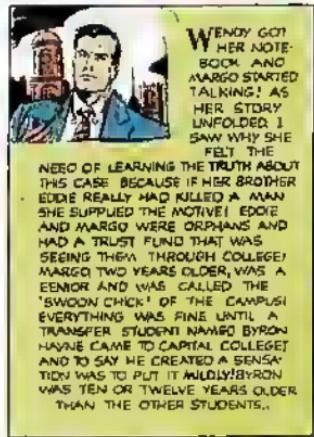
SORRY,
EDDIE! STILL
NO WORD
FROM THE
GOVERNOR!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY is published monthly by KEY PUBLISHING PUBLICATIONS, INC., 144 E. 27th St., New York 10, N. Y. Marshal: Scher-Gerg, Business Manager: S. A. Pines, Advertising Director, Editorial, business and advertising offices at 144 E. 27th St., New York 10, N. Y., U. S. A. Mentioned in second best issue, May 14, 1949, in U. S. Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, Conn. Single copies 10¢, yearly subscription in U. S. \$1.20. Copyright 1950 by KEY PUBLISHING PUBLICATIONS, INC. Printed in the U. S. A. September, 1950. Vol. 4, No. 9. The publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Manuscripts accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A PRIVATE EYE MAY BE MORE CYNICAL THAN THE AVERAGE MAN, BUT EVEN HE HAS NO PROTECTION AGAINST A YOUNG, SHAPELY BLONDE. ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE TURNS ON THE WEEPS! JUST SUCH A YOUNG LADY CAME TO SEE ME LAST FALL AND FIRST THING I KNEW I HAD TAKEN ON A REAL HOT POTATO OR A JOB I WAS SUPPOSED TO PROVE A MAN INNOCENT AFTER HE HAD BEEN SENTENCED TO THE CHAIR! MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT I DIDN'T FIND OUT UNTIL LATER THAT WHEN THE JUICE WAS TO BE TURNED ON FOR MY CLIENT IT WAS TO BE A SIGNAL FOR RUBBING ME OUT AS WELL... I WAS OPENING MY MORNING MAIL WHEN I WALKED MARGO SPEER AND I GOT MY FIRST WHIFF OF THE JOB I CALLED THE CASE OF THE KING-SIZED MIRACLE.



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



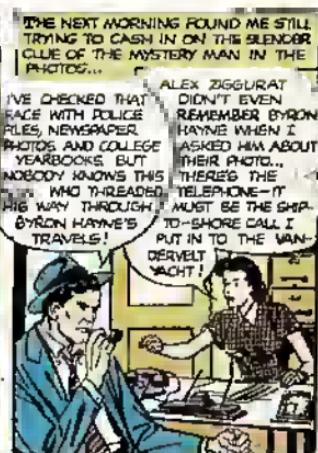
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



BY THE TIME MARGO HAD TOLD HER STORY AND I CHECKED THE NEWSPAPERS, FOUR PRECIOUS HOURS HAD PASSED! THAT LEFT ME WITH THIRTY-TWO HOURS TO PERFORM A KING-SIZED MIRACLE! I TOLD WENDY TO TAKE MARGO TO HER APARTMENT, AND I PROMISED TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THEM! THEN I RUSHED OVER TO BYRON HAYNE'S APARTMENT NEAR THE COLLEGE AND FAST-TALKED THE JANITOR INTO LETTING ME IN... HE WAS A GOSSIPY OLD BUZZARD...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



HELLO—VIC VANDERVELT'S THIS IS CHIP GARDNER, AN OLD FRIEND OF BYRON HAYNE. THERE'S A PAL OF HIS I'M TRYING TO REACH...A CHAP WHO USED TO SAIL WITH THE TWO OF YOU ON THAT YAWL OF YOURS!

YOU MUST MEAN
TOM DOXEY! HE'S AN
EXPORTER! HAD SOME
BUSINESS DEALS
WITH BYRON...
HE'S IN THE
PHONE
BOOK!

HE WAS RIGHT—DOXEY WAS IN THE PHONE BOOK! WENDY AND I PILED INTO MY CAR, AND IN TWENTY MINUTES WE WERE AT THE ADDRESS I'D WRITTEN ON A SLIP OF PAPER! I LEFT WENDY IN THE CAR AND WENT IN ALONE...

MR. DOXEY WILL SEE YOU
NOW, MR. GARDNER!

SORRY THIS TRIP
HAS BEEN FRUITLESS,
MR. GARDNER, BUT
YOU HAVE BEEN
MISINFORMED! I MET
BYRON HAYNE AT A
FEW SOCIAL AFFAIRS,
THAT'S ALL! WE
NEVER

I JUST WANTED TO
CHECK! I'M PRETTY
SURE EDDIE SPEER
DON'T KILL HAYNE!
I'M ON MY WAY
NOW TO GET A
STAY OF EXECUTION
FROM THE GOVERNOR!
BYE, MR. DUMPI!

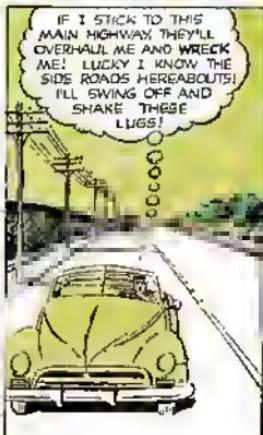
HAD ANY
BUSINESS
DEALINGS?



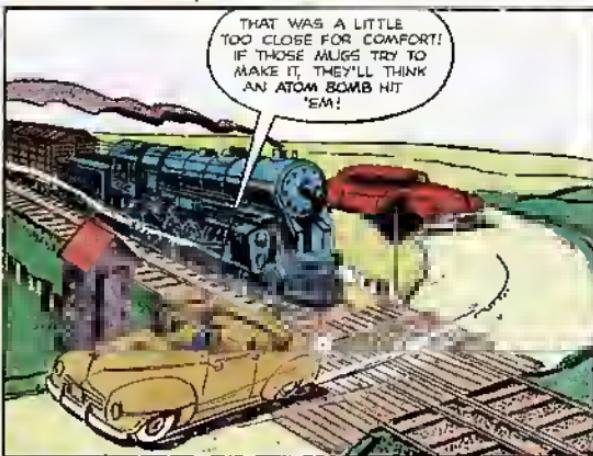
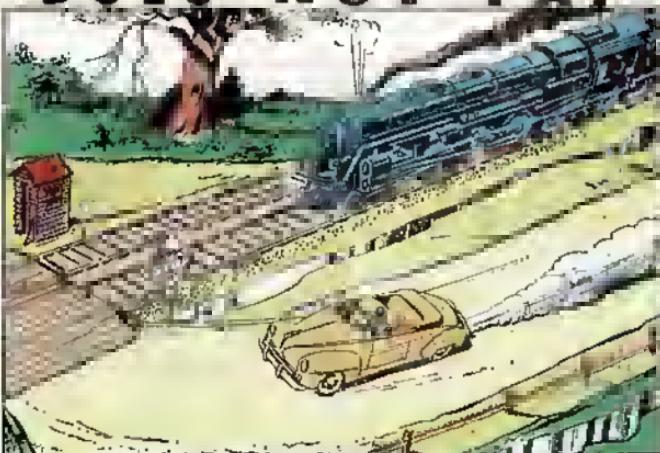
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



YOU HAVE THOUGHT MY CAR WAS A MAGNET, THE WAY THOSE BOYS CLUNG! THEY MUST HAVE HAD ORDERS TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING TO THE GOVERNOR, AND THOSE ORDERS MUST HAVE COME FROM DOXEY! OBVIOUSLY HIS PLAY ON THE INTER-COM, BACK AT THE OFFICE, HAD BEEN A SIGNAL TO SET THIS UP, AND THE JOB OFFER WAS A STALL FOR TIME! I HAD TO FIND OUT WHY DOXEY WANTED EDDIE SPEER TO DIE, AND I HOPE THAT EDDIE HAD THE ANSWER! SO MY NEXT MOVE WAS TO SHAKE MY SHADOWS AND KEEP DOXEY IN THE DARK! IF INVOLVED IN MURDER, DOXEY COULDN'T AFFORD TO LEAVE A BLOODHOUND ON THE LOOSE, AND WOULD BE FORCED TO TIP HIS MITT! THE TIME WAS GROWING SHORT, AND AFTER PLAYING TAG IN THE CITY FOR HALF AN HOUR, I HEADED OUT INTO THE COUNTRY!

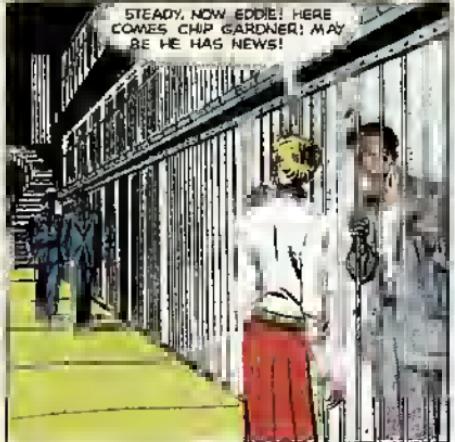


CRIME DOES NOT PAY



AS I FOLLOWED THE GUARD DOWN TO THE DEATH BLOCK, OUR SHADOW LOICED AHEAD LIKE PHANTOM FIGURES WARNING US THAT LITTLE TIME WAS LEFT, AND FROM THE CELLS THAT PLANKED "CONDENMED MEN'S ROW", HAGGARD FACES LOOKED AT US IN EERIE SILENCE! THEY KNEW THAT THE CLOCK WAS RUNNING OUT FOR EDDIE SPEER, AND IT SENSED THAT THESE HARDOINED CRIMINALS, DRAWN TOGETHER BY THE INVISIBLE BONDS OF MEN FACING DEATH, WERE ROOTING HARD FOR THE KID TO BEAT THE CHAIR!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



IT WAS NEARING EIGHT O'CLOCK WHEN I LEFT WENDY AND HEADED FOR DOXEY'S OFFICE! I WANTED TO PRISK THE PLACE FOR EVIDENCE OF A POSSIBLE TIE-UP BETWEEN DOXEY AND HAYNE! AND THE ONLY TIME TO DO IT WAS AFTER HOURS! THERE WERE OTHER QUESTIONS I WANTED ANSWERED, TOO: WHAT WAS HAYNE'S BACK-GROUND BEFORE HE DECIDED TO GO TO COLLEGE TO ACQUIRE CULTURE AT THE AGE OF THIRTY? AND WHERE DID HE GET HIS MONEY?...THE STREETS WERE ALMOST DESERTED WHEN I REACHED DOXEY'S OFFICE BUILDING, BUT I TOOK NO CHANCES AND HEADED FOR A BACK ALLEY...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

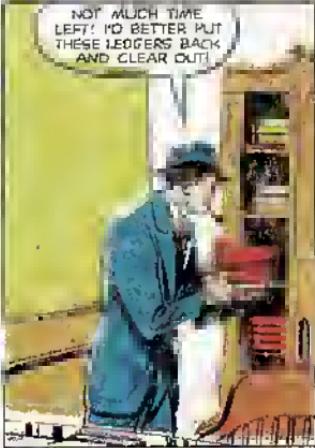


I'D LINKED DOXEY AND HAYNE ALL RIGHT! THE ACCOUNTS DATED BACK ALMOST FIVE YEARS! BUT WHAT DID THEY MEAN? I PICKED UP THE PHONE AND CALLED ED KLING, A FRIEND OF MINE IN THE EXPORT BUSINESS...I GOT HIM AT HIS HOME...

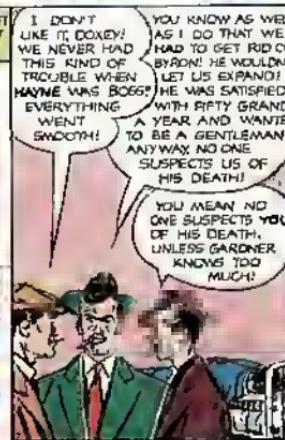
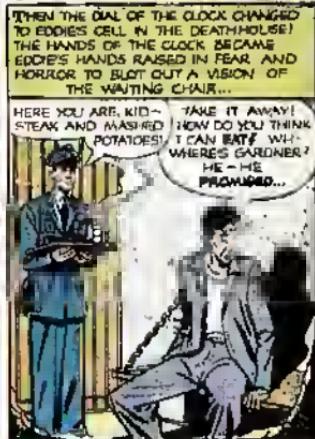


IT MUST ADD UP TO SOMETHING ED!

THIS MAY BE SOME KIND OF COVER-UP FOR ILLEGAL MONEY! BUT WHY? IT WOULD TAKE A TAX COLLECTOR A LONG TIME TO TRACK DOWN THOSE PHONY COMPANIES! HAYNE AND DOXEY MUST HAVE HAD SOME RACKET TOGETHER AND MAYBE DOXEY WANTED IT ALL FOR HIMSELF!...I'LL JUST LATCH ON TO THIS PAGE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

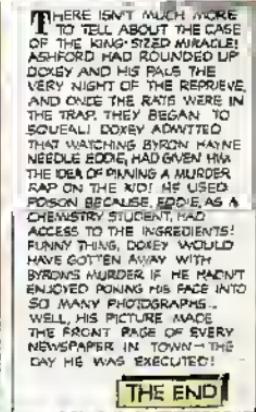
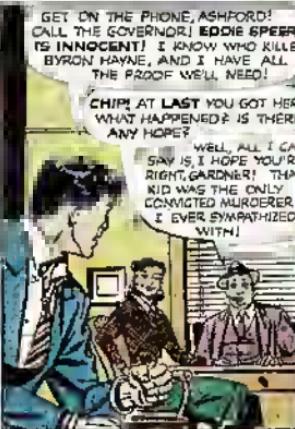


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK NEWS REVEALED THAT EDDIE WAS GOING TO PRY—AND THAT MEANT THE END OF CHIP GARDNER TOO... NOW, AT LAST, WHEN I KNEW ENOUGH TO SAVE THAT INNOCENT KID FROM THE CHAIR, I WAS HELPLESS, WITH BOTH MY HANDS MANACLED BEHIND MY BACK AND TWO HOODS STANDING GUARD... THEN I REMEMBERED AN OLD TRICK OF HOW TO GET OUT OF A SITUATION LIKE THIS—OR AT LEAST PART WAY OUT—BUT I COULDN'T WORK IT WITH BUCK AND ARTIE WATCHING ME! SO I FELL BACK ON ANOTHER, OLD TRICK—A VERBAL TRICK...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



N consideration of innocent persons involved and relatives of others, the names of characters depicted in this magazine are fictitious. Any similarity to names of people living or dead is entirely coincidental. This in no way affects the accuracy of these stories which are based on fact.

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MEN'S OR LADIES' WATCH SENT TO YOU FOR YOUR APPROVAL
ON OUR "NO-RISK" 10 DAY EXAMINATION OFFER!

30

DATE CHANGES AUTOMATICALLY EVERY DAY

7

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LOOKS AND WORKS
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ON THE LEVEL

by C.H. MOORE

DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR
"CRIME DOES NOT PAY"



A PRISONER OF DARTMOOR PRISON, ENGLAND, WAS SEEN STANDING OUTSIDE THE PRISON GATES SHOUTING, "HEY - GUARD, LET ME IN - I'VE BEEN LOCKED OUT!"

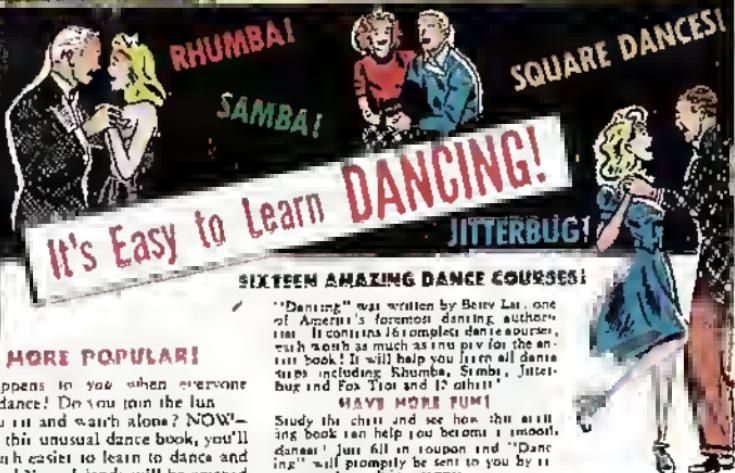
IN KENTUCKY,
ED DOOLEY - 81 YEARS OLD - SUED THREE BOYS FOR CUTTING OFF 8 FEET OF HIS BEARD WHILE HE WAS ASLEEP!

THE COURT AWARDED ED \$3.33 PER FOOT FOR THE DAMAGE TO HIS BEARD!



TWO AUTOMOBILE OPERATORS, in Florida, ARRESTED FOR CARELESS DRIVING, WERE SENTENCED TO SIT FOR ONE HOUR IN A WRECKED CAR IN WHICH 4 PERSONS WERE KILLED AS A RESULT OF CARELESSNESS ON THE HIGHWAY!

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IN
5 DAYS
OR
PAY
NOTHING!



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This Step
You Can Dance
To 5 Days!



Here's how this
amazing book
teaches you
to become a
smooth dancer.
It's full of
smooth, flowing
dancing, and

What happens to you when everyone starts to dance? Do you join the fun or do you sit and watch alone? NOW - thanks to this unusual dance book, you'll find it much easier to learn to dance and be popular! Your friends will be amazed and surprised when they see you do the latest dance steps with grace. This book is written clearly, simply and is full of easy-to-follow illustrations. And you learn in the privacy of your home!

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In many doctors' opinion, Dr. Phillips' Plan has been proven the easiest way to take off fat. Kelpidine Chewing Gum contains only 3 calories each. Chewing Kelpidine Chewing Gum instead of a snack helps you stay on the plan.

Helps reducing, cuts calories, and you lose weight scientifically!

Kelpidine Chewing Gum contains lucur—the only known food product listed in Medical Dictionaries as an aid in reducing as an anti-fat, and for the relief of obesity (fatness).

Mail coupon and test it at home for 10 days at our expense.

Dr. Phillips' Kelpidine Plan will do wonders for you. You will be amazed. After only 10 days, step on the scale. You must show a LOSS of WEIGHT, or you PAY NOTHING.

If you want a slimmer figure that will bring you noise, Islands, romance, start today.



- NO starving
- NO exercise
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- NO drugs
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100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

lose weight or no charge. You will must prove you can acquire a slimmer attractive figure. Just a 10 DAY TRIAL must convince you or no test!

CHEWING GUM AND
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REDUCING PLAN GOOD FOR
MIN. TOO!

Chewing Improved formula
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Special 50 day supply and FREE 25-day package for \$4.
I understand if not satisfied with Kelpidine Chewing Gum and Dr. Phillips' Reducing Plan, I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

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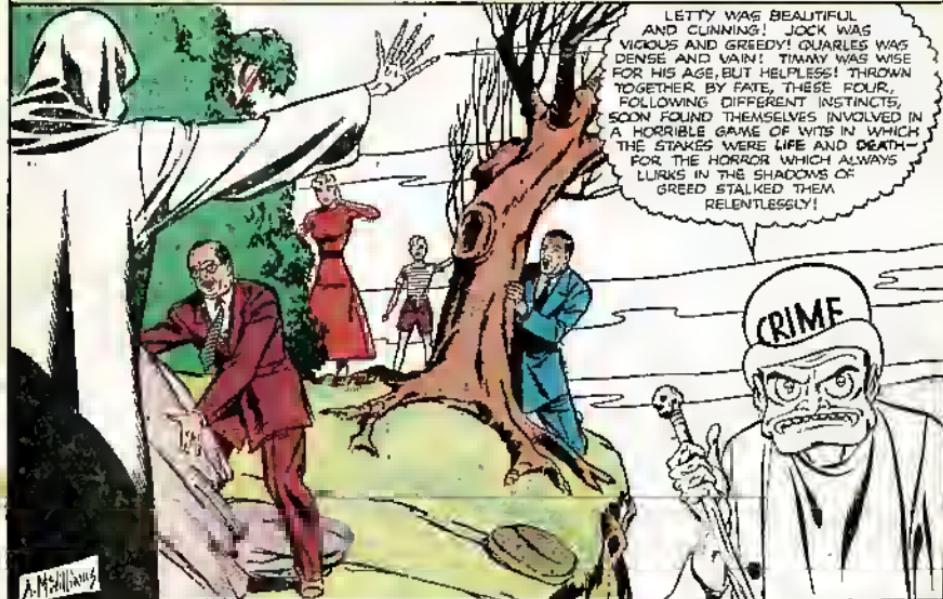
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IT'S PLAYTIME FOR THE SHARPIES WHEN THEY SPOT A RICH SLICKER! THE BIGGER THE STAKE, THE GREATER THE RISKS AND THE MORE INTENSE THE GAME, BUT IT GETS PRETTY GRIM WHEN...



MURDER PLAYS HIDE-AND-SEEK!

LETTY WAS BEAUTIFUL AND CUNNING! JOCK WAS VIGOROUS AND GREEDY! QUARLES WAS DENSE AND VAIN! TIMMY WAS WISE FOR HIS AGE, BUT HELPLESS! THROWN TOGETHER BY FATE, THESE FOUR, FOLLOWING DIFFERENT INSTINCTS, SOON FOUND THEMSELVES INVOLVED IN A HORRIBLE GAME OF WITS IN WHICH THE STAKES WERE LIFE AND DEATH—FOR THE HORROR WHICH ALWAYS LURKS IN THE SHADOWS OF GREED STALKED THEM RELENTLESSLY!



IT'S IRONIC HOW THE DINKEST HOTELS GIVE THEMSELVES THE MOST IMPRESSING NAMES: A DIVE BECOMES THE PARADISE BAR AND GRILL—A FLOPHOUSE BECOMES THE HOTEL OLYMPIA!



INSIDE, THE OLYMPIA WAS RUN-DOWN, BEAT UP AND SMELLY, BUT SOMEHOW IT FITTED THE AMBITIONS OF LETTY JONES AND JOCK LEAMY LIKE A GUN FITS A HOLSTER! THERE WAS A STEELY CRUELTY WITHIN THESE DIRTY WALLS, AND GREEDS WHICH COULD EXPLODE AT A MOMENTS NOTICE!



THE DESIRES OF THE CREATURES WHO LIVED HERE WERE AS INFLATED AND UNREAL AS THE NAME OF THE HOTEL ITSELF, FOR THEY DREAMED OF WEALTH AND ARROGANCE, THESE PETTY THIEVES AND THEIR DOLLS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE SNEAK THIEF SAW HIMSELF AS KING OF THE GAMBLERS; THE DRUNKARD, REVELING IN BOOZY DREAMS, BECAME THE BEER BARON; AND THE SAILOR-ROLLING FLOOZIE PICTURED HERSELF AS A QUEEN OF SOCIETY! ALL IN ALL, THEY WERE ROYALTY PREPARED TO ASCEND THE THRONE IF ONLY THE "BREAK" WOULD COME!

AND WHAT WAS THE "BREAK" THEY ALL WAITED FOR? A NUGGET OF GOLD LYING IN THE GUTTER; THE KEY TO A TREASURE CHEST LYING ON AN ASH HEAP; FOR JOCK LEMAY, IT WAS THE "BIG" JOB!

HOW ABOUT THIS ONE, I WOULDN'T TAKE IT FOR A THOUSAND A MONTH! I'M THROUGH!

WHAT DO YOU CARE WHAT I DO SO LONG AS YOU CAN BUST IN ONE NIGHT WITH YOUR CAP PISTOL AND WALK OUT WITH ENOUGH GROCERY MONEY FOR ANOTHER MONTH?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LETTY? AIN'T YOU SATISFIED WITH THE WAY I RUN THINGS?



NO! I'M NOT SATISFIED! I DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK! I SHOVE BED PANs, COOK AND CLEAN FOR THREE WEEKS TO CASE A JOINT—THEN ONE NIGHT YOU WALK THROUGH A DOOR I OPEN—AND WE SPLIT FIFTY-FIFTY!

YOU SAID IT! I PUT IN A WHOLE MONTH OF SLAVING AGAINST YOUR LOUSY TWO HOURS OF WALKING AROUND IN THE DARK WITH A GUN IN YOUR HAND! I WANT A BIGGER CUT!

GET YOUR FEET OFF THE TABLE OR I'LL SCOLD 'EM!

YOU'RE JUST IN A BAD MOOD THIS MORNING, LETTY! SORRY I RAN IN! MAYBE I'D BETTER GET BACK TO MY ROOM!



I'M FED UP! WHEN I WAS DANCING AT THE MOPSY CLUB, I HAD CLOTHES TO WEAR AND A DECENT APARTMENT TO LIVE IN, AND I DIDN'T WORRY ABOUT THE COPS! WITH YOU, I'M GETTING NOWHERE FAST! THAT "BIG" JOB TALK OF YOURS IS JUST A PIPE DREAM!

IT'S BECAUSE YOU CAN'T LAND A DECENT JOB! WHEN YOU DO WORK, I HAVE TO MOVE OUT HALF THE HOUSE TO MAKE A FEW BUCKS!

BUT I CAN'T GET INTO THE RICHER HOMES! THEY WANT REFERENCES—THE KIND THEY CHECK UP ON: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? I'M STANDING STILL, JOCK, AND BEIDES, IF I KEEP WORKING WITH YOU, I'LL WIND UP BEHIND BARS! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

MASSIE THIS! MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND? LOOK AT THE JOB I CIRCLED!

THEY WANT A GOVERNESS HERE! WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT TAKING CARE OF A KID? I NEVER EVEN HAD ANY SISTERS OR BROTHERS!

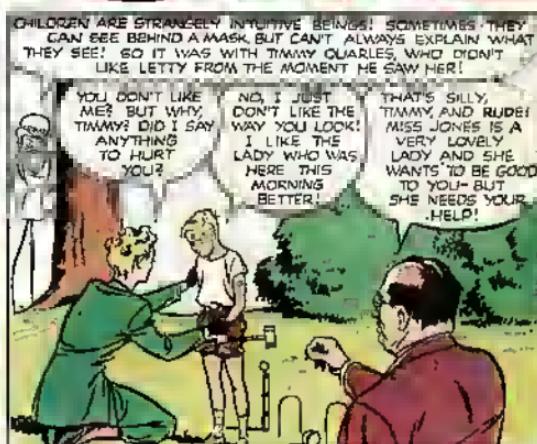
YOU'RE NOT LOOKING AT THE RIGHT STUFF! READ THE PART ABOUT WHO'S DOING THE HIRING AND WHERE HE LIVES!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MEANWHILE, IT WASN'T ONLY TIMMY WHO WAS GIVING LETTY TROUBLE! ONCE A WEEK, ON HER DAY OFF, SHE HAD TO SEE JOCK!

YOU'VE BEEN THERE A MONTH NOW! THAT'S ENOUGH TIME TO CASE A JOINT! WHEN DO WE PULL THE JOB?

IT'LL HAVE TO WAIT! I HAVEN'T FOUND WHERE THE REAL STUFF IS YET! I'VE GOT TO RUN ALONG NOW, JOCK! I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT! I'LL SEE YOU NEXT WEEK!



BUT EDWARD, I'M ONLY A GOVERNESS, AND NOT A GOOD ONE, EITHER! TIMMY DOESN'T LIKE ME, NO MATTER WHAT I DO!

BUT I LIKE YOU, LETTY! I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU! I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE OR WHAT YOU WERE IN THE PAST! WHAT MATTERS IS THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT ME!



THAT'S WHY WHEN LETTY SKIPPED THREE APPOINTMENTS IN A ROW, JOCK DIDN'T WASTE MUCH TIME SEEKING HER OUT!

AIN'T YOU GOING TO GIVE YOUR COUSIN, JOCK, FROM CLEVELAND, A BIG KISS? IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE'VE SEEN EACH OTHER, LETTY!

TIFFANY, TAKE YOUR BALL AND GO PLAY IN THE GARDEN. I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A FEW MINUTES!



VERY WELL, MOTHER!

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK, BABY? YOU'RE STALLING! WHAT'S MORE, YOU INTEND TO KEEP STALLING! WHY? YOU DON'T LIKE PLAYING WET NURSE TO A LOUGY BRAT! WHAT'S THE GIMMICK?

YOU'RE CRAZY, JOCK! WHY SHOULD I STALL? I WANT WHAT YOU WANT—THE BIG JOB TAKES PREPARATION, SO DON'T GET ANY NUTTY IDEAS INTO YOUR HEAD!



OH, DARLING, WHAT CAN I FEEL BUT DEEP, DEEP LOVE—AND SO MUCH ADMIRATION AND RESPECT FOR SO WISE AND FASCINATING A MAN!

YOU'RE THE MOST EXCITING WOMAN I'VE EVER MET, LETTY! YES, EVEN MORE EXCITING THAN EDITH! IT WAS MY SHEER LUCK THAT BROUGHT YOU TO QUARLES' MANOR!



LETTY WAS ONLY BEING ECONOMICAL! SHE HAD ENOUGH IDEAS FOR BOTH OF THEM, AS SHE PROVED HALF AN HOUR LATER, UPTOWN...

WHY, IT'S BREATH-TAKING, MR. QUARLES! I'VE NEVER BEEN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL BRACELET, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE...



I WANTED TO, LETTY! IT EXPRESSES THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE THE FIRST WOMAN I'VE GIVEN A PRESENT TO SINCE EDITH DIED! AND DON'T CALL ME MR. QUARLES! CALL ME EDWARD!

FOR WEEKS JOCK FOLLOWED HIS LOVELY PARTNER TO HER NUMEROUS RENDEZVOUS WITH QUARLES! LETTY'S GAME WAS AS CLEAR TO HIM AS THE FAKE SMILE ON HER FACE!



LETTY, MARRY ME! I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER!

OF COURSE! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, MY DARLING!

THE DIRTY TWO-TIMER! SHE'S PLAYING FOR ALL THE MARBLES!



QUARLES MARRIED ME THREE WEEKS AGO! WE JUST CAME BACK FROM A TWO-WEEK HONEYMOON IN BERMUDA! YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE A CHANGE IN PLANS, JOCK!

I DON'T SEE WHY! IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME WHETHER THE FOLKS I ROB ARE MARRIED OR SINGLE! I HOPE MARRIAGE DON'T MAKE YOU FORGET HOW TO JOY DOWN THE COMBINATION OF A SAFE, OR FIND OUT WHERE THE JEWELS ARE KEPT!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

...I SAID CHANGES WERE MADE—
CHANGES I NEVER EXPECTED!
THAT SAFE COMBINATION—THOSE
JEWELS—THEY'RE MINE NOW,
JOCK! NOBODY'S GOING TO STEAL
THEM! HOWEVER, I REALIZE I
OWE YOU SOMETHING, SO I
INTEND GIVING YOU THIS—
A THOUSAND DOLLARS! THAT
SHOULD EVEN THINGS UP!

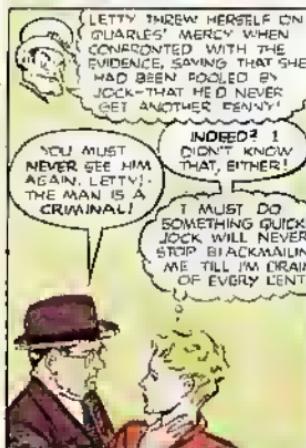
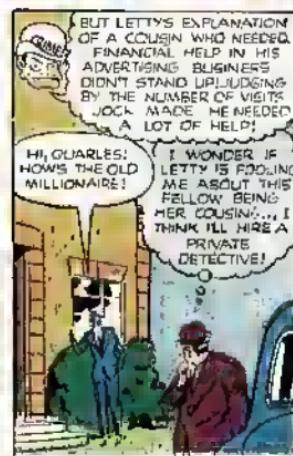
NOT BY MY BOOKKEEPING!
WE ENTERED THIS DEAL
AS PARTNERS! OKAY, SO
ONE PARTNER FELL IN
SOFT—SHE GOT MARRIED!
WHAT DOES THAT
LEAVE THE OTHER
PARTNER?

EXACTLY AS BEFORE—A FIFTY-FIFTY
PARTNER! ME GETTING A GRAND
AND YOU GETTING A MILLION
ISN'T MY IDEA OF EVEN STEPHEN,
SO I'LL BE AROUND NEXT WEEK
FOR ANOTHER GRAND AND
EVERY WEEK THEREAFTER!

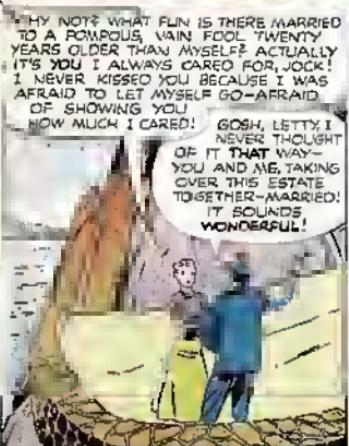
YOU'RE CRAZY JOCK!
YOU'D BETTER TAKE
WHAT YOU CAN GET
AND BE SATISFIED!

OH, YOU'LL DO IT, SISTER,
BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T,
I'LL SQUEAL ABOUT THE
HUNDRED JOBS YOU'VE
PULLED OFF WITH MY
HELP! YES, LETTY, I'LL
GO TO JAIL WITH YOU,
IF I HAVE TO, BUT
I'M NOT COMING OUT
OF THIS GOLD MINE
WITH PEANUTS!

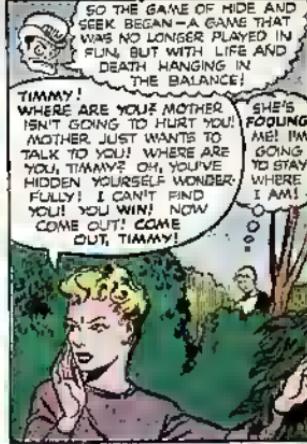
WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE? TAKE
YOUR
HANDS OFF
MY WIFE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



OUR POLICE HALL OF FAME



CHIEF ARTHUR A. PICKERING FRANKLIN LAKES, N. J.



CHIEF ARTHUR A. PICKERING
"Let's Talk It Over"

FRANKLIN LAKES BOROUGH, a quiet, small New Jersey town, knows of crime as something they read about in the papers — it rarely happens in that vicinity. The inhabitants go through the normal routine of life with few interruptions.

Chief of Police Arthur A. Pickering, one of the youngest chiefs in the state, serves the town as both a law enforcement officer and a friend. Major crimes just didn't happen in Franklin Lakes.

That's why Chief Pickering was so astounded when one spring day the sound of screaming tires was heard as a car pulled up in front of police headquarters. Looking out of the window, Pickering saw Henry Thomas, one of his oldest friends, jump out of the car and run up the steps leading to his office.

Opening the door, Pickering asked, "What's wrong, Henry?"

"Bad news, Chief," Thomas breathlessly answered. "Just a few minutes ago, Fred Smith's wife, Joan, came screaming to our house. She had been shot! She was hysterical. Fred's gone insane. Joan said he held her prisoner for four days in their house without food. Then he said he was going to kill her and shot her in the face with a shotgun. She escaped to our house. I called an ambulance before I came over here."

Pickering immediately strapped on his gun and told Thomas, "I'll take my car. You can follow me in yours."

Arriving at Mr. Thomas' house, Pickering found the ambulance already there. Mrs. Smith was being placed in it. She was still conscious, and the doctor said that the chief could talk to her for a minute. Bending over her, Chief Pick-

ering said, "Hello, Jnan. This is Chief Pickering. The dneint says you're going to be all right. What's happened to Fred?"

In a weak voice, Mrs. Smith answered, "He's gone crazy, Chief. He came home for dinner last Friday . . . it seems like last year . . . and suddenly he said he was going to kill me. I tried to calm him and to reason with him, but for four days he terrorized me, and today he shot me! I screamed and fell down, and, when his bark was turned, I ran out. Be careful, Chief! He has hundreds of shells, and he's crazy!" With that, the ambulance left for the hospital.

About 100 yards away stood the Smith's house. Set back from the road, it was in a clearing and built solidly out of stone. Walking slowly across the lawn, Pickering suddenly heard a shot, and instinctively fell to the ground. Three more shots followed. Crawling back to the Thomas house, Pickering put in a call to headquarters. "Ed," he told his sergeant, "get fire men to Fred Smith's house immediately! Bring tear gas and a public address system!"

Within a few minutes, five of Pickering's men were on the spot. "Listen, boys," the chief said, "Smith seems to have gone crazy! He's barricaded himself in his house and is shooting at anyone who comes within range. He has plenty of ammunition, so it may be tough. Scatter around the house. Mike and Tom take the back. Ed, go on the far side, and Frank, you take the left. I'll cover the front with Dick. I don't want to have a gun fight if I can help it, so don't fire until I tell you to — no matter what happens!"

Pickering's men silently maneuvered to their positions and waited. No sound came from the house. Pickering brought the public address system to the front of the house. Speaking slowly, he said, "Fred, this is Chief Pickering. My men have surrounded your house. You can't escape. Come out unarmed and no one will get hurt. We don't want to hurt you . . . we're your friends. Please don't make us do anything we'll both be sorry for!"

Pickering waited tensely for Fred Smith's answer. Minutes later, after an agonizing silence, a burst of fire from the house swept the front lawn. "You'll never get me!" Fred Smith screamed. "I know you want to kill me! Everybody wants to kill me!" Again, shots were fired at Chief Pickering.

"Don't you think you should have the boys start moving in, Chief?" asked Pickering's aide. "The guy's insane! He'll never give himself up!"

"No, Dick," Pickering answered, "I don't want any unnecessary bloodshed. If we move in, someone is going to get hurt. I'll play for time. I think we can get him out unarmed and without violence."

Once more the P.A. system droned out Chief Pickering's appeal to the insane man. "Fred, you don't have to worry. I won't kill you. I don't want to hurt you. I'm not armed. Please come out before you hurt someone."

As he talked, Pickering inched towards the

house. Using the microphone as a charm to woes a snake with music, Pickering kept talking: "Just come out, Fred, and no one will get hurt. You know I wouldn't hurt you. You're my friend."

With every word, Pickering edged slowly closer to the house. At any moment shots might hit him down, but he ran the risk. There was silence from the house, however. He was now within 100 feet of the front door. Every step was accompanied with soothing talk. Pickering's men watched with fastination. Their guns drawn, each man silently prayed that the madman wouldn't open fire.

Suddenly, as Pickering spoke, he noticed the door shudder. He grew even more tense . . . it seemed to indicate that Smith was ready to come out. Would he come out shooting?

Again the door seemed to shudder. Pickering saw the knob turn. It moved almost imperceptively, as in a slow-motion picture. Then the door inched open. Pickering waved to his men not to fire. Every man held his breath as the door opened wider, and Fred Smith stood on the threshold gun in hand, facing Pickering.

His face was drawn and his eyes gleamed. His hand holding the shotgun trembled. Pickering prayed it wouldn't go off accidentally. Slowly Smith spoke: "Don't come any nearer, Chief! This gun is loaded! I'm leaving here and neither you nor anyone else will stop me! Now get out of my way!"

Pickering didn't budge. His eyes were concentrated on Smith. Softly, he said, "Listen, Fred. I'm not going to hurt you. Just relax. All I want to do is talk to you. Put your gun down, Fred! You don't need it! You're tired and need a rest. Come on now, let's get together and talk this thing over."

Smith blinked as the chief talked, and Pickering noticed a slight slackening of tension. He walked slowly forward to follow up his advantage. Smith's hand trembled and he dropped the gun in his side. Then, as Pickering advanced, he tightened his grip on the gun again.

The five minutes the two men stood there, facing each other. Pickering's calm voice droning on and on. Then, as suddenly as he had opened fire before, Smith dropped his hand to his side. This time, Pickering was closer, and as soon as it went down, he stepped up to Fred Smith and took the gun from his hand. Almost meekly, Smith let Chief Pickering take the gun and allowed himself be led from his house to a waiting police car.

Later, in his office, Pickering admitted that he had been extremely nervous in the minutes just before Smith gave himself up, but he added, "I knew that bloodshed could be avoided if perhaps some were used instead of gun fire. It's a pity that such a tragic thing happened to Fred. But at least now he'll have a chance to be cured. And that, after all, is what we're trying to do . . . help our citizens, rather than hurt them."

THE END

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Editorial Staff

Name _____

Abbreviations: *Abbreviations* *Abbreviations* *Abbreviations*

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WHO DUNNIT? MURDER BY MOONLIGHT

HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU? CAN YOU PUT YOUR FINGER ON THE MURDERER OF JAMES MARDELL, IN THE CURIOUS CASE OF...



ART BY FRED GUARDINER

WHO KILLED JAMES MARDELL? THE RISING MOON CASTING ITS GLOW ACROSS THE LAWN, REVEALS A STRANGE STRUGGLE NEAR THE FRONT DOOR OF THE MARDELL MANSION! YET THIS FRAY, TOUCHED OFF BY A FANATIC, WAS BUT THE PRELUDE TO AN ACTUAL CRIME OF HOMICIDE AND ROBBERY! INVOLVED AS SUSPECTS WERE FOUR PEOPLE! YOUR JOB—TO FIND THE MURDERER!



INSIDE THE MARDELL MANSION...

QUITE THE EFFICIENT SECRETARY ARENT YOU, BOYCE—READING MY HUSBAND'S MAIL. BEFORE HE GETS HOME! I'LL TELL HIM TO RECOMMEND YOU AS A SNOOPER WHEN YOU START LOOKING FOR ANOTHER JOB—WHICH WILL BE SOON!

WHY-ER- YOU SEE, MRS. MARDELL, I WAS AFRAID THIS MIGHT BE ANOTHER THREATENING LETTER! MR. MARDELL HAS RECEIVED SEVERAL, YOU KNOW!



THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A THREAT—A LETTER IN A WOMAN'S HAND-WRITING AND PERFUMED! I NOTICE, TOO, THAT YOU PEELLED OPEN THE ENVELOPE SO YOU CAN SEAL IT AGAIN!



MASSIE, YOU'LL AGREE THAT IT WAS A GOOD IDEA AFTER YOU READ THE LETTER, MRS. MARDELL!

WHY-WHY—THIS LETTER IS FROM GAIL CAULTON! SHE WANTS MY HUSBAND TO MEET HER TONIGHT AT THE "USUAL PLACE" AND TO "BRING ALL THE MONEY!" SHE SAYS THIS TIME THEY'RE "PLAYING FOR KEEPS!" I SUPPOSE THIS MEANS THEY ARE GOING AWAY TOGETHER!



YOU GUessed IT, LADY! NOW SUPPOSE I SEAL THAT LETTER JUST AS I FOUND IT. THE MONEY IT TALKS ABOUT IS IN THE WALL—SAFE—CASH THAT MR. MARDELL HAS BEEN BRINGING HOME FROM HIS BROKERAGE OFFICE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHOSE MONEY IT IS, I WOULDN'T SAY NOTHING KNOW! BUT IT MAY BELONG TO SOME OF HIS CUSTOMERS! ANYWAY I DON'T WANT TO BE INVOLVED! THAT'S ANOTHER REASON WHY I'VE BEEN SNOOPING AS YOU PUT IT!

ALL RIGHT, BOYCE! WELL, I'M GOING TO TALK WITH MR. MARDELL! HE WILL BE ARRIVING ANY MOMENT NOW, AND WE MAY AS WELL BE ON HAND TO GREET HIM!

HERE COMES THE CAR THROUGH THE FRONT GATE, REMEMBER, BOYCE. NOT A WORD OF THIS TO MR. MARDELL! DO YOU THINK KIRBY KNOWS WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON?

HE OUGHT TO KNOW SOMETHING! HE'S BEEN YOUR CHAUFFEUR FOR THE LAST YEAR AND HE DRIVES MARDELL EVERYWHERE!

I'LL TALK TO KIRBY LATER — PROVIDED HE'S WILLING TO TALK!

HE OUGHT TO BE! HE'S JUST AS WORRIED ABOUT HIS JOB AS I AM ABOUT MINE!



LEND ME A HAND, BOYCE! WE'VE GOT TO HOLD THIS CRAZY MAN, WHATEVER HE IS!

I'VE GOT HIS GUN, KIRBY! YOU SWINDLED ME, MARDELL, AND I'LL GET YOU FOR IT! SOONER OR LATER, I'LL GET YOU! I'VE SWORN IT!

YES, I'M THE MAN WHO WROTE THOSE THREATENING LETTERS — AND WITH GOOD REASON! MY FAMILY LEFT ME A FORTUNE IN YOUR HANDS! YOU SAID YOU LOST IT IN BAD INVESTMENTS BUT I THINK YOU ROBBED ME! YOU'VE DONE THE SAME WITH OTHER TRUST FUNDS!

TAKE THIS FOOL AND PUT HIM SOMEWHERE BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER AND PULL THE TRIGGER! BETTER LET ME TAKE THE GUN, JAMES!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE, WE CAN LOCK HIM IN THE TRUNK ROOM IN THE BASEMENT! A GOOD IDEA! IT HAS A STOUT DOOR AND A STRONG LOCK! THE WINDOW HAS A GRATING, TOO, WITH A PAD-LOCK!

IN YOU GO, KILGORE! YOU HAVEN'T ANY RIGHT TO FUNG ME INTO THIS A RAT-TRAP. WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE LOCAL JAIL!

ALL LOCKED UP AND WAITING INSTRUCT IONS, BOSS! NOW I SUPPOSE I'M SAFE TO LET YOU HAVE THIS LOADED GUN! ON SECOND THOUGHT I'M YOUD BETTER NOT SO CALL THE SHERIFF KEEN AND HAVE HIM ABOUT THAT! TAKE THAT IT MEANS I HAVE TO BRING CHARGES AGAINST KILGORE!

OF COURSE YOU SHOULD PREFER CHARGES AGAINST KILGORE! HE WANTED TO KILL YOU, DIDN'T HE? BEIDES YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE - OR ARE YOU?

WHY-WHY OF COURSE NOT! PUT THIS GUN IN THE UMBRELLA RACK, BOYCE, THEN PHONE THE SHERIFF! COME WITH ME TO THE STUDY, KIRBY! I HAVE AN ERRAND FOR YOU!

HMM! YES, KIRBY - I DO HAVE AN ERRAND! I WANT YOU TO HAVE THE CONVERTIBLE READY FOR ME -- IN THE USUAL PLACE!

YES, SIR!

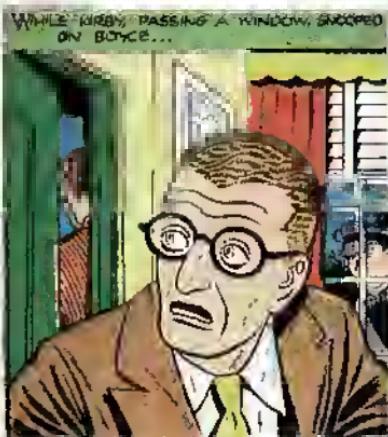
THE SHERIFF'S NOT IN! WHAT'S HE DOING, PLAYING CANASTA ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! WHEN HE COMES IN, TELL HIM KIRBY! WE NEED HIM RIGHT AWAY, OVER AT THE MARDELL HOUSE...WE'VE GOT A MADMAN LOCKED IN OUR BASEMENT!

I ALREADY KNOW THAT MR. MARDELL HAS BEEN BRINGING HOME LARGE SUMS OF MONEY AND THAT HE PLANS TO MEET GAIL CAULIFORN AGAIN TONIGHT! SO YOU MAY AS WELL TELL ME THE REST, KIRBY!

ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE THE CONVERTIBLE AROUND TO THE BACK LANE AND LEAVE IT THERE FOR MR. MARDELL! I'VE BEEN DOING THAT REGULARLY MAAA! WHERE HE GOES IS HIS OWN BUSINESS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



BY THE TIME
MARDELL IS
READY FOR
HIS QUICK
AND FINAL
DEPARTURE,
OTHERS ARE
QUITE AWARE
OF HIS
ACTIONS! WHATEVER
THEIR
INDIVIDUAL PLANS—IF
ANY—THEY,
TOO, ARE
COMPLETED!



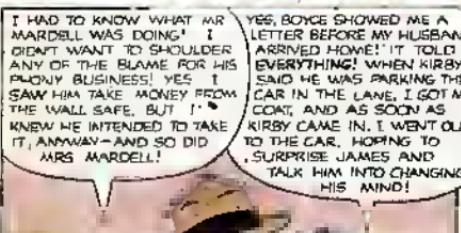
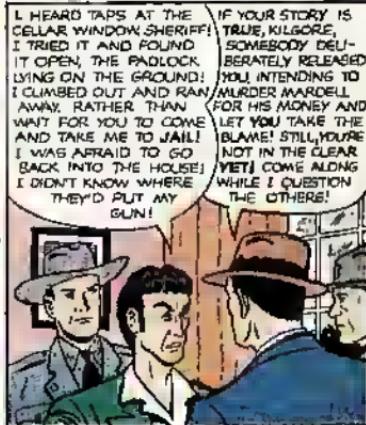
WELL, THIS IS IT! GOOD-BYE TO MARDELL
MANDO! THEY'LL BE FILING A BANK-
RUPTCY PETITION AGAINST ME ANY DAY
NOW! I WONDER WHAT IT WILL BE
LIKE IN SOUTH AMERICA WITH GAIL!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



YES, BOYCE SHOWED ME A LETTER BEFORE MY HUSBAND ARRIVED HOME! IT TOLD EVERYTHING! WHEN KIRBY SAW HE WAS PARKING THE CAR IN THE LANE, I GOT MY COAT, AND AS SOON AS KIRBY CAME IN, I WENT OUT TO THE CAR, HOPING TO SURPRISE JAMES AND TALK HIM INTO CHANGING HIS MIND!

FROM THE GATE I SAW THE BACK DOOR QUICKLY OPEN AND CLOSE! I RECOGNIZED JAMES WHEN HE STEPPED INTO THE MOONLIGHT! AT THE SAME TIME I SAW A MAN SNEAK FROM THE CORNER AT THE RIGHT! HE HAD THE SHOTGUN AND IT GLINTED IN THE MOONLIGHT, BUT HIS FACE WAS MUFFLED! HE FIRED TWICE, AND, AS MY HUSBAND FELL, THE MAN DROPPED THE GUN AND DISAPPEARED AROUND THE CORNER FROM WHICH HE HAD COME!

IT COULD HAVE BEEN EITHER BOYCE OR KIRBY! BOTH WOULD HAVE HAD TIME TO RUN AROUND THE HOUSE BEFORE APPEARING ON THE SCENE! HOWEVER, FROM THE STORIES I'VE HEARD, I KNOW WHO KILLED JAMES MARDELL! I'M ARRESTING THE ONE WHO TOLD A FALSE STORY!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHO DUNNIT??

BOYCE,
THE SECRETARY

WANDA,
MRS. MARDELL

KIRBY,
THE CHAUFFEUR

KILGORE,
THE FANATIC

IF YOU CANNOT GUESS WHO DUNNIT, TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR THE SOLUTION!



REAR VIEWED
LITTLE NOW
BLITZES TOO
OUT THERE
PAST THE SHUBBEEBEE
YOU HAD ONLY TO SNEAK
KILLED YOUR HUSBAND.
SHOULDVE
HOUSE I
ERRELL AFTER YOU
WHO RELEASED DILIGORE
TO HIDE IT
WANTED IT WAS YOU
WHATEVER YOU CLAIM YOU
ARE
AFTER I
TO THE BLACK LANE
MONEY UNIT
LIGHT STRETCHING LEAF
MONEY UNIT
BEAN THINK
FROM THE
SUCH A STORE WAS THAT
YOU BOUND
LAST NIGHT
IN THE SHADOWS! WHAT
LIGHT HE WAS KILLED
I MISSED
ALL RIGHT
MR. MARDELL MARDELL, FOR
DIDN'T HAVE RECOGNIZED HIS NAME OR
SEEN THE SHADOWS! GUN IN THE MOON
LIGHT, BECAUSE THERE WESTS IT AND MOON
RISING IT WAS PITCH DARK ON THE
REAR BECAUSE WHERE YOU WERE



LURKING WITH THE
SHUBBEEBEE
REAR BECAUSE WHERE YOU WERE
AND THE MOON
RISING IT WAS PITCH DARK ON THE
REAR BECAUSE THAT WALL WAS IT THE MOON WAS
LIGHT, BECAUSE THERE WESTS IT AND MOON
RISING IT WAS PITCH DARK ON THE MOON WAS
SEEN THE SHADOWS! GUN IN THE MOON
LIGHT, BECAUSE THERE WESTS IT AND MOON
RISING IT WAS PITCH DARK ON THE MOON WAS
REAR BECAUSE WHERE YOU WERE

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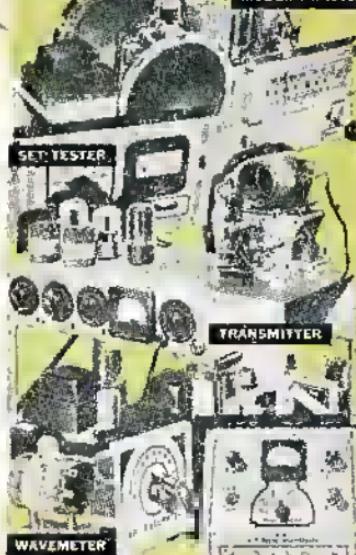
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in RADIO-
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Address

City Zone State

Check if Veteran

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and list of men with
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J. W. Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis.
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R. E. Johnson, St. Paul, Minn.

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R. E. Johnson, St. Paul, Minn.

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J. W. Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis.
R. E. Johnson, St. Paul, Minn.

R. E. Johnson, St. Paul, Minn.
J. W. Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis.
R. E. Johnson, St. Paul, Minn.

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J. W. Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis.
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J. W. Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis.
R. E. Johnson, St. Paul, Minn.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MEET THE COTTI BOYS, SMALL-TIME RACKETEERS, BUT WITH AMBITIONS! TONY WAS RUTHLESSLY EFFICIENT! PETE WAS A CARD; HE SAW FUN IN EVERYTHING, ESPECIALLY IN THE SQUIRMING OF THEIR VICTIMS! HE ROARED! HIS SIDES SHOOK! HIS FAVORITE PHRASE WAS



I'LL DIE LAUGHING

THE STORY OF THESE TWIN BROTHERS WILL CHILL YOUR SPINE!

TOSS YOUR GUN
INTO THE
ALLEY COTTI!
START
CLIMBING DOWN!

I DON'T
PACK A
ROD; ALL I
GOT IS
A KNIFE;
SEE!

THE ESSENCE OF CRIME IS GREED AND MAN'S BRUTALITY TO MAN: TWIN BROTHERS PETE AND TONY COTTI WERE PROFESSIONAL SLAYERS, DEAF TO THE CRIES OF THEIR VICTIMS, INCAPABLE OF SENSING THE PAIN OF THEIR BULLETS TEARING INTO FLESH. THEY KILLED, FORGOT, AND LAUGHED—LAUGHED THEIR WAY INTO A WEIRD COINCIDENCE OF JUSTICE—THE OUTCOME OF TWO "PROTECTION" WAR MURDERS!

ON OCTOBER 18, 1947, THE FOLLOWING NEWS ITEM APPEARED IN THE PAPERS OF A LARGE MIDWESTERN CITY:

Daily Star
DRY CLEANING INDUSTRY
SUFFERS IN RESURGENCE
OF PROTECTION RACKET!

WARNING TO CLEANERS TO
KICK IN D.A.'S OFFICE
FRICTION BY LACK OF
PROTECTION
OF VICTIMS!

WHAT ARE YOU
SHOWING ME THIS
FOR—TO SCARE ME?
YOU CAN'T SCARE
ME INTO SHELLING
OUT MONEY I
HAVEN'T GOT!

YOU MEAN YOUR LIFE ISN'T WORTH A
LOUSY FIFTY BUCKS A WEEK, WORTHMAN?
THE OTHERS SAID THEY COULDN'T AFFORD
TO PAY US EITHER, BUT YOUD BE
SURPRISED HOW FAST THEY FOUND
Spare Cash When We WORKED
ON THEM FOR A WHILE!

HA! HA! SO WE
CAN'T SCARE
HIM, EH?



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



HAI! HAI! HAI! HAI! GET THAT HE WOULDN'T WANT IT TO HAPPEN- AND ITS HAPPENING! IS MY BROTHER TONY A SMART OPERATOR! JUST WATCH!

AND THERE ARE SOME GUYS WHO COULD GO ALL THROUGH A PLACE WITH ACID, BURNING HOLES IN CLOTHES LIKE THIS! ISN'T IT WORTH FIFTY DOLLARS A WEEK TO BE PROTECTED FROM PEOPLE LIKE THAT?

ALL RIGHT, MR. COTTI, NO MORE, PLEASE! I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY! JUST GO AND LEAVE ME ALONE! I'LL MANAGE SOMEHOW!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU BOYS - LIFE'S ONE BIG HAPPY LAUGH AFTER ANOTHER! I WANT TO KEEP YOU THAT WAY, SO I HAVE AN OFFER TO MAKE! YOU COME BACK WITH ME AT DOUBLE YOUR OLD SALARY!

I DON'T KNOW, ED! WE DON'T MAKE MUCH MONEY, BUT WE LIKE BEING IN BUSINESS FOR OURSELVES! MAYBE WE'D JUST BETTER...

DON'T MAKE UP YOUR MINDS IN A HURRY, FELLERS! THINK IT OVER TONIGHT! AND TOMORROW NIGHT, I WANT YOU TO HAVE DINNER WITH ME, WHETHER YOU ACCEPT MY OFFER OR NOT!

TOMORROW NIGHT? ...WELL... SURE, ED! SEE YOU THEN!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NEITHER TONY NOR BIG ED MENTIONED THE MAIN REASON FOR THEIR GET-TOGETHER 'TILL AFTER DINNER...

SON-OF-A-GUN, ED! NOBODY CAN PUT ON A FEED LIKE YOU! TOO BAD PETE HAD TO MISS IT. BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WHEN A GUYS HAD A DATE WITH A DAME FOR A WEEK! UH—THAT REMINDS ME—HE SAID TO MEET HIM BACK AT THE OFFICE BY MIDNIGHT...

WELL, LET'S GET DOWN TO CASES NOW, TONY! MY OFFER STILL STANDS! I KNOW YOU AND PETE ARE GOING TO PLAY BALL WITH ME!

SURE, ED, BUT ONLY TO THIS EXTENT—WE GIVE YOU OUR WORD OF HONOR, NOT TO TRY TO TAKE OVER ANY MORE BUSINESS THAN WEVE ALREADY GOT! ME AND PETE HAVE TOO GOOD A DEAL TO QUIT, ED—I KNOW I CAN'T KID YOU ABOUT THAT!

SO YOUR ANSWER IS NO! I WAS AFRAID IT MIGHT BE: YOU BOYS ALWAYS WERE AMBITIOUS!

I SURE ENJOYED EVERYTHING, ED! AND LISTEN, NO HARD FEELINGS, ARE THERE?

NO HARD FEELINGS! I'LL SEE YOU DOWN TO YOUR CAR, TONY!



W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO OUR BOOKS?

RELAX, KID! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE FAMOUS COTT SENSE OF HUMOR?

ED: ED! HAVE A LITTLE MERCY! I'LL DO ANYTHING! BESIDES, THE COPS WILL KNOW WHO GOT ME!

SURE, THEY'LL KNOW TONY! THEY'LL FIND PETE'S LETTER OPENER IN YOU WITH HIS FINGER-PRINTS ON IT! THEY'D WANT TO KNOW WHY HE DID IT! AND THEY'D LOOK IN THE BOOKS AND FIND YOU'VE BEEN CHEATING HIM! A PERFECT FRAME, I'D CALL IT!

ANXIOUS FOR WORD FROM HIS BROTHER, PETE COTT WENT TO THE OFFICE AN HOUR LATER...

E TOLD YOU FIVE TIMES! THE'VE KILLED MY BROTHER, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND—MY BROTHER, TONY! SEND A SQUAD CAR OVER! DO SOMETHING!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

By 11:30, the framed evidence had convinced investigators, headed by Detective Larry McCloud, that Pete Cotti was his brother's murderer!



IT WOULD BE A WAY OF COVERING UP! I'LL BET ONE THING, COTTI—DONELLA WILL HAVE A BETTER ALIBI THAN YOU HAVE! THE EVIDENCE SAYS YOU STABBED YOUR BROTHER! IF YOU CAN PROVE OTHERWISE TO A JURY—WELL, YOU'LL BE A FREE MAN! TAKE HIM TO HEADQUARTERS, BOYS!



WHY DIDN'T YOU HANG ON TO HIM & STOP WHERE YOU ARE, COTTI, OR YOU WON'T LIVE TO BE HANGED!



BUT WHEN PETE COTTI REACHED DONELLA'S APARTMENT, THREE MINUTES AHEAD OF THE PURSUING POLICE, HE FOUND ONLY JESS PO, BIG ED'S BODYGUARD, PLAYING SOLITAIRE...



HE WAS EXPECTING YOU EARLIER, COTTI! I KNOW HE'LL WANT ME TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU!



LEAVING THE BODY OF JESS PO, AND STILL INTENT ON FINDING DONELLA, PETE DASHED DOWNSTAIRS! BUT AT THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING HE QUICKLY REVERSED HIMSELF...



GOT TO DITCH THIS HEATER!... THEY'LL FIND JESS PO, AND THEY'LL KNOW THIS IS THE GUN THAT PLUGGED HIM!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



HIS MIND DULLED WITH RAGE AND HATRED, PETE COTTI COULD THINK ONLY OF REVENGE—KILL, KILL!



DROP IT, DONELLA!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



FROM THAT MOMENT PETE COTTI WOULD UTTER NO WORD! HE FACED THE COURT A WEEK LATER AND RECEIVED HIS DEATH SENTENCE, BUT IT WAS AS THOUGH HE NEVER HEARD IT! HE SHUT OUT THE WORLD--ALL BUT THE MEMORY OF HIS BROTHER AND THE FRUSTRATED, BURNING DESIRE FOR REVENGE!



YOU SAW HOW IT WAS, TONY! THEY SAID I KILLED YOU CRAZY, ISN'T IT? I BUMPED OFF JESS PO' SURE, AND LOTS OF OTHER GUYS, BUT NOW THEY'RE GOING TO HANG ME FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO! EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T DO IT!



PETE'S LAWYER, JOHN LANIER, MADE EVERY ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE LIFE OF HIS CLIENT! FINALLY, HE BROUGHT IN A NOTED PSYCHIATRIST TO EXAMINE THE DOOMED MAN...



IN A LAST MINUTE ATTEMPT, ATTORNEY LANIER CALLED FOR A MEETING WITH THE D.A. AND THE JUDGE WHO PRESIDED AT PETE'S TRIAL...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SO, ON THE HOUR AND THE DAY PRESCRIBED BY LAW...

IT MIGHT MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER IF YOU TALKED, PETE! MARY IF YOU TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR BROTHER!

THEY WON'T LET ME KEEP MY PROMISE TO YOU, TONY! DONELLA IS GETTING AWAY WITH IT—WITH KILLING BOTH OF US!

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY WHEN YOU GO, PETE! IT'S A DOUBLE EXECUTION TODAY! COME ON, AND GET IT OVER WITH!



AND THEN, AS PETE STARED TRANQUILLY AT THE NOOSE, THE CONVICT WHO WAS TO DIE WITH HIM DRAGGED HIS WAY UP THE GALLOWS' STEPS AND STOOD BESIDE HIM...



HAI HAI HAI! FLYING TONY! HA! HA! HA!
NO-O-O! PETE, TELL THEM! TELL THEM!

THE WARDEN GAVE AN ORDER! THE HANGMAN SPRUNG THE TRAPS! PETE COTTIS LAUGH STOPPED SUDDENLY, AND BIG ED'S PLEADING WAS CUT OFF IN THE MIDDLE OF A WORD, THE WAY YOU MIGHT SHUT OFF A RADIO IF THE COMEDY OR TRAGEDY WAS NOT TO YOUR LIKING...



THE END

BLAZING ACTION OUT OF THE RIP-ROARING WEST!

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